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the river ahead—it seemed to be running into a vast shadow, but, as we passed the pond, and the banks came closer together, we could hear in the silence the faint murmur of rushing water, which the guides said was the sound of the rapid, at the head of which the cabin stood. The landing-place was some rods above the head of the rapid, and in the faint twilight we could see nothing of it, but the sound indicated a larger fall than any we had passed. A foot-path led from the landing back amongst the trees, whither we followed, half seeing, half feeling our way, and found a dilapidated cabin with the roof half gone. We struck a light and kindled a fire quickly, by the glare of which we found the condition of things. The end, which was still covered, contained a mass of hemlock boughs, which had been somebody's bed once, but were now wet underneath and packed together by having lain unstirred, perhaps, for months. We felled a hemlock, and, clearing out the old rubbish, made a new bed, then, making a huge fire in the uncovered end of the cabin, cooked our suppers, each man for himself; for no one would wait for my "baked trout," which I prepared for my sole benefit this night.

It was the coldest night we had had since coming out, and I anticipated more pleasure from my supper than from my bed, which, judging from the openness of our habitation, and the fresh breeze which made unobstructed way through it, promised more cold and rheumatism than anything else. To lie in the open air and sleep, is perfectly safe; but to lie in a draught, with one side sheltered, was not so in my past experience. The guides were asleep long before I had finished my supper, and my companions followed them soon after; but the fire was warm and the stars overhead looked companionably in, so I poked the former and gazed at the latter, and then walked out into the woods, where I discovered that pleasant as starlight rambles might be in city parks, they were far from safe in forests where invisible stumps and decaying logs reminded one constantly of an earthward tendency. I went back and poked the fire, and piled on logs, until I was well warmed up—getting as large a provision against the anticipated chill as possible—and, then, wrapping my blanket close around me, wedged in between Angler and Student, and went to sleep.

I did not sleep well; but, as soon as the fire had gone down, awoke, cold and uncomfortable, and turned over stiffly, then shouted to Bill to make the fire. He did so, and I drowsed off again, but again awoke and passed the remainder of the night in uneasy occasional changes of position and unuttered grumblings, glad only when I saw the sky begin to lighten with the approaching day.

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SUITABILITY of raiment, and the becomingness of manners, are links in the chain of social life which harmonize with and beautify the whole. There is infinitely more wisdom in submitting to than in spurning those necessary concomitants of civilization, which being artificial throughout, require the cement of elegance and refinement to polish, if it cannot lighten, the chain.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

No. 8.—THE VILLA.

1. THE MOUNTAIN VILLA.—LAGO DI COMO.

(Continued.)

WITHAL, however, that can be alleged in extenuation of its faults, it cannot be denied that the stucco *does* take away so much of the dignity of the building, that, unless we find enough bestowed by its form and details to counterbalance, and a great deal more than counterbalance, the deterioration occasioned by tone and material, the whole edifice must be condemned, as incongruous with the spirit of the climate, and even with the character of its own gardens and approach. It remains, therefore, to notice the details themselves. Its form is simple to a degree; the roof generally quite flat, so as to leave the mass in the form of a parallelopiped, in general without wings or adjuncts of any sort. Villa Somma-Riva, is a good example of this general form and proportion, though it has an arched passage on each side, which takes away from its massiness. This excessive weight of effect would be injurious, if the building were set by itself; but as it always forms the apex of a series of complicated terraces, it both relieves them and gains great dignity by its own unbroken simplicity of size. This general effect of form is not injured, when, as is often the case, an open passage is left in the centre of the building, under tall and well-proportioned arches, supported by pilasters (never by columns). Villa Parro, Lago di Como, is a good example of this method. The arches hardly ever exceed three in number, and these are all of the same size, so that the crowns of the arches continue the horizontal lines of the rest of the building. Were the centre one higher than the others, these lines would be interrupted, and a great deal of simplicity lost. The covered space under these arches is a delightful, shaded and breezy retreat in the heat of the day; and the entrance doors usually open into it, so that a current of cool air is obtainable by throwing them open. The building itself consists of three floors: we remember no instance of a greater number, and only one or two of fewer. It is, in general, crowned with a light balustrade, surmounted by statues at intervals. The windows of the uppermost floor are generally square, often without any architrave. Those of the principal floor are surrounded with broad architraves, but are frequently destitute of frieze or cornice. They have usually flat bands at the bottom, and their aperture is a double square. Their recess is very deep, so as not to let the sun fall far into the interior. The interval between them is very variable. In some of the villas of highest pretensions, such as those on the banks of the Brenta, that of Isola Bella and others, which do not face the south, it is not much more than the breadth of the two architraves, so that the rooms within are filled with light. When this is the case, the windows have friezes and cornices. But, when the building faces the south, the interval is often very great, as in the case of the Villa Parro. The ground-floor windows are frequently set in tall arches, supported on deeply en-

gaged pilasters. The door is not large, and never entered by high steps, as it generally opens on a terrace of considerable height, or on a wide landing-place, at the head of a flight of fifty or sixty steps descending through the gardens. Now, it will be observed, that, in these general forms, though there is no splendor, there is great dignity. The lines throughout are simple to a degree, entirely uninterrupted by decorations of any kind, so that the beauty of their proportions is left visible and evident. We shall see hereafter that ornament in Grecian architecture, while, when well managed, it always adds to its grace, invariably takes away from its majesty; and that these two attributes never can exist together in their highest degrees. By the utter absence of decoration, therefore, the Italian villa, possessing, as it usually does, great beauty of proportion, attains a degree of elevation of character, which impresses the mind in a manner which it finds difficult to account for by any consideration of its simple details or moderate size; while, at the same time, it lays so little claim to the attention, and is so subdued in its character, that it is enabled to occupy a conspicuous place in a landscape, without any appearance of intrusion. The glance of the beholder rises from the labyrinth of terrace and arbor beneath, almost weariedly; it meets as it ascends, with a gradual increase of bright marble and simple light, and with a proportionate diminution of dark foliage and complicated shadow, till it rests finally on a piece of simple brilliancy, chaste and unpretending, yet singularly dignified; and does not find its color too harsh, because its form is so simple; for color of any kind is injurious when the eye is too much attracted to it; and, when there is so much quietness of detail as to prevent this misfortune, the building will possess the cheerfulness, without losing the tranquillity, and will seem to have been erected, and to be inhabited, by a mind of that beautiful temperament wherein modesty tempers majesty, and gentleness mingles with rejoicing, which, above all others, is most suited to the essence, and most interwoven with the spirit, of the natural beauty whose peculiar power is invariably repose. So much for its general character. Considered by principles of composition, it will also be found beautiful. Its prevailing lines are horizontal; and every artist knows that, where peaks of any kind are in sight, the lines above which they rise ought to be flat. It has not one acute angle in all its details, and very few intersections of verticals with horizontals; while all that do intersect seem useful as supporting the mass. The just application of the statues at the top, is more doubtful, and is considered reprehensible by several high authorities, who, nevertheless, are inconsistent enough to let the balustrade pass uncalumniated; though it is objectionable on exactly the same grounds; for, if the statues suggest the inquiry of "What are they doing there?" the balustrade compels its beholder to ask, "Whom it keeps from tumbling over?" The truth is, that the balustrade and statues derive their origin from a period when there was easy access to the roof of either temple or villa; that there was such access is proved by a passage in the *Iphigenia Taurica*, line 118, where Orestes speaks of getting up to,

the triglyphs of a Doric temple, as an easy matter); and when the flat roofs were used, not, perhaps, as an evening promenade, as in Palestine, but as a place of observation, and occasionally of defence. They were composed of large flat slabs of stone, peculiarly adapted for walking, one or two of which, when taken up, left an opening of easy access into the house, as in Luke, v. 19, and were perpetually used in Greece as missile weapons, in the event of a hostile attack or sedition in the city, by parties of old men, women, and children, who used, as a matter of course, to retire to the roof as a place of convenient defence. By such attacks from the roof with the tiles, the Thebans were thrown into confusion in Platæa (*Thucyd.*, ii. 4). So, also, we find the roof immediately resorted to in the case of the starving of Pausanias, in the Temple of Minerva of the Brazen House, and in that of the massacre of the aristocratic party at Coreyra (*Thucyd.*, iv. 48).

Now, where the roof was thus a place of frequent resort, there could be no more useful decoration than a balustrade; nor one more appropriate or beautiful, than occasional statues in attitudes of watchfulness, expectation, or observation: and even now, wherever the roof is flat, we have an idea of convenience and facility of access, which still renders the balustrade agreeable, and the statue beautiful; if well designed. It must not be a figure of perfect peace or repose, far less should it be in violent action; but it should be fixed in that quick startled stillness, which is the result of intent observation or expectation, and which seems ready to start into motion every instant. Its height should be slightly colossal, as it is always to be seen against the sky; and its draperies should not be too heavy, as the eye will always expect them to be caught by the wind. We shall enter into this subject, however, more fully hereafter. We only wish, at present, to vindicate from the charge of impropriety one of the chief features of the Italian villa. Its white figures, always marble, remain entirely unsullied by the weather, and stand out with great majesty against the blue air behind them, taking away from the heaviness, without destroying the simplicity, of the general form. It seems, then, that, by its form and details, the villa of the Lago di Como, attains so high a degree of elevation of character, as not only brings it into harmony of its *locus*, without any assistance from appearance of antiquity, but may, we think, permit it to dispense even with solidity of material, and appear in light summer stucco, instead of raising itself in imperishable marble. And this conclusion, which is merely theoretical, is verified by fact; for we remember no instance, except in cases where poverty had overpowered pretension, or decay had turned rejoicing into silence, in which the lightness of the material was offensive to the feelings: in all cases, it is agreeable to the eye. Where it is allowed to get worn, and discolored, and broken, it induces a wretched mockery of the dignified form which it preserves; but, as long as it is renewed at proper periods, and watched over by the eye of its inhabitant, it is an excellent and easily managed medium of effect. With all the praise, however, which we have bestowed upon

it, we do not say that the villa of the Larian Lake, is perfection; indeed, we cannot say so, until we have compared it with a few other instances, chiefly to be found in Italy, on whose soil we delay, as being the native country of the villa, properly so called, and as even yet being almost the only spot of Europe where any good specimens of it are to be found: for we do not understand by the term "villa," a cubic erection, with one window on each side of a verdant door, and three in the second and uppermost story, such as the word suggests to the fertile imagination of ruralizing cheesemongers; neither do we understand the quiet and unpretending country-house of a respectable gentleman; neither do we understand such a magnificent mass of hereditary stone as generally forms the autumn retreat of an English noble; but we understand the light but elaborate summer habitation, raised however and wherever it pleases his fancy, by some individual of great wealth and influence, who can enrich it with every attribute of beauty; furnish it with every appurtenance of pleasure; and repose in it with the dignity of a mind trained to exertion or authority. Such a building could not exist in Greece, where every district a mile and a quarter square was quarrelling with all its neighbors. It could exist, and did exist, in Italy, where the Roman power secured tranquillity, and the Roman Constitution distributed its authority among a great number of individuals, on whom, while it raised them to a position of great influence, and, in its later times, of wealth, it did not bestow the power of raising palaces or private fortresses. The villa was their peculiar habitation, their only resource, and a most agreeable one; because, the multitudes of the kingdom being, for a long period, confined to a narrow territory, though ruling the world, rendered the population of the city so dense, as to drive out its higher ranks to the neighboring hamlets of Tiber and Tuscum. In other districts of Europe the villa is not found, because in very perfect monarchies, as in Austria, the power is thrown chiefly into the hands of a few, who build themselves palaces, not villas; and in perfect republics, as in Switzerland, the power is so split among the multitude, that no nobody can build himself anything. In general, in kingdoms of great extent, the country-house becomes the permanent and hereditary habitation; and the villas are all crowded together, and form gingerbread rows in the environs of the capital; and, in France and Germany, the excessively disturbed state of affairs in the middle ages, compelled every petty baron or noble to defend himself, and retaliate on his neighbor as he best could, till the villa was lost in the château and the fortress; and men now continue to build as their forefathers built (and long may they do so!) surrounding the domicile of pleasure with a moat and a glacis, and guarding its garret windows with turrets and towers: while, in England, the nobles, comparatively few, and of great power, inhabit palaces, not villas; and the rest of the population is chiefly crowded into cities, in the activity of commerce, or dispersed over estates in that of agriculture; leaving only one grade of gentry, who have neither the taste to desire, nor the

power to erect, the villa, properly so called. We must not, therefore, be surprised if, on leaving Italy, where the crowd of poverty-stricken nobility can still repose their pride in the true villa, we find no further examples of it worthy of consideration, though we hope to have far greater pleasure in contemplating its substitutes, the château and the fortress. We must be excused, therefore, for devoting one paper more to the state of villa architecture in Italy; after which we shall endeavor to apply the principles we shall have deduced to the correction of some abuses in the erection of English country-houses, in cases where scenery would demand beauty of design, and wealth permit finish of decoration.

ORIGINALITY.

THERE is one quality without which no applause can be won in France. *Virtuosi* and friends of Art require it; the *habitués* of *ateliers*, the Paul Prys of the artistic world, who reverberate for the benefit of the public the news of the region in which they love to make their daily excursion; not only so, but the army of young students,—those *rapins*, who with untrimmed beard and hair struggling with the wind, go hither and thither, warning the world of their coming by the loudness of their voices, and influence by their number, their activity, and their imperturbable assurance, the general theories of the literary and purchasing public—every one, from the amateur to the *flâneur*, insists on Originality. No artist is worthy of remark who is not original:

But what do they mean by originality? What is the nature of this touchstone which they go about applying? What do they really require? Whence does their approbation derive its sanction? Let us be bold and say, they do not know at all—for even professional critics would be sadly at a loss if summoned to explain themselves. It may be that they withhold the true definition from fear of consequences. It is so difficult to say that he is original, who in the exercise of an Art exhibits a personal and distinct character, a demeanor, as it were, of his own, new thoughts, deeply-seated and conscientious views—with their roots in his soul, not in his memory—an unexpected choice of subjects, and an unexpected way of presenting subjects already chosen! If this be a description of originality which, once given, must be admitted, it is worth while to examine why in France the public and its mouth-pieces have so obstinately refused at the outset—in the days of struggle and tribulation—to ascribe this indispensable quality to men of the greatest power—men whose reputations have risen to their true level after death, and who evidently comply with the conditions laid down. We are in a good position to discuss the question, being beyond the influence of coteries; and we may hope, by looking at it from every side, to say something pertinent to the history of that longest and most interesting episode of genius—its neglect and consequent despair. Without attempting any poetical exaggerations, or borrowing phrases from the arsenal of rhetoric—whatever economists may proclaim to intercept the tragic sensations which the tale of literary and artistic suffering excites, from reaching the public conscience—it is certain that the world has brushed harshly by many whom it has endeavored to console by posthumous honors. The story of French Art furnishes examples. Le Sueur has been denied the title of original, which has been given to Lebrun and Mignard. The same blind criticism may have stifled many a student, leaving him an artist only in the memory of his mother and his friends. What